Standouts From The Return to Wonder Edit

Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters

MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

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Preface

Greetings,

Kicked off in September 2015, this is a selection of standout aphorisms from the first sixteen chapters of a likely-never-to-be-finished edit of The Return to Wonder, Field Notes from the Unknown, the compendium of the of first twenty-ish years of writing begun in 1989, from which was created the thus far first and only published-for-sale work, The Stillness Before Time, Reflections from a Fellow Sojourner.

Dedicated to all those destined to ponder the mystery from which all things small to great are indivisibly created.

This work is blogged at:

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Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes

foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
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Of the Human Journey
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Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2018
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https://breadcrumbs2018.blogspot.com
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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Of Noise & Silence
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The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
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To Be, or Not to Be
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Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
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Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
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The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
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Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
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(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Chapter One

Manifestation is simply mask after mask
Disguising an artful, mischievous trickster,
Playing a timeless game of hide-and-seek.

* * * *

Your mind-body is merely a finite vehicle, not a conclusion in itself.
Catering to the many ists and isms of ignorance, delusion, and all its illusions,
Are contrary and binding to your natural, essential, infinite state.

* * * *

Judgment Day assumes, of course, that there will someday be an end,
Or even a demarcation of one distraction, one agitation, or another.

* * * *

Be wary of Maya's infinite ability to entice your desire for continuity.

* * * *

Believe only your own experiencing, then work on throwing that away, too.

* * * *

All play a part in the indivisibility of every awakening.

* * * *

It is consciousness that suffers, not you.
The awareness is without laws or principles or ideals.
What consciousness believes are but choices founded in delusion.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

You are the gold, not the jewelry into which it is made.

* * * *

Supreme being, or supreme beingness?

* * * *

Traditions and dogmas and rituals and symbols
Are nothing more than distracting, empty encumbrances
For those yearning to regain their essential, absolute birthright.

* * * *

Consciousness will just play you out
Once you are no longer attached
To its temporal, dualistic nature.

* * * *

How can anyone play out an entire existence,
And never inquire earnestly, with great veracity, at least occasionally,
Into this vast mystery from which all things spring.

* * * *

The you that is in reality me, ever imagining your Self
To be another me that you mistakenly believe is really you.

Chapter Two

The senses tease and taunt you.
They are lies of the delusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And know with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the timelessness of awareness are you real.

* * * *

The dreamtime of organized religion is losing its sway over many.
Each must discern alone what is real, what is true.
The quest harbors no intermediary.

* * * *

The eternal quest for understanding,
For emancipation from that which is known,
Is a convoluted, subtle, puzzling, chess-like maze,
A timeless game of strategic and tactical finesse,
Which only the most earnest discern and mate.

* * * *

If all sentient beings were to awaken at once,
Consciousness would not, could not, be the adventure it is.
So the relentless, gnashing, grinding, kaleidoscope of bondage and suffering
Spins on in its mysterious, unfolding dreamtime destiny.

* * * *

To know life is to know death; one is not without the other.

* * * *

To discover your true Self, you must explore your self.
To see the many others, yet see no other, that is the razor's edge,
Upon which all seers timelessly traverse this reverie both real and unreal.

* * * *

How attached are you to the movement of thought?
The door to freedom opens as the waves are discerned
As the cosmic ocean from whence they rise and fall.

* * * *

When one surrenders to insight, eternity emerges:
Infinite, timeless, pathless, unencumbered, serene.

* * * *

To see, to know, to own, that you are the absolute, manifest, is beyond all imagining.

* * * *

The releasing discernment of the absoluteness within,
Is the fulfillment of every so-called scripture ever written.

* * * *

The identity, the persona, the ego, the self, however it is called,
Is but a temporal, mortal, fabrication of mind and senses,
And their weaving with the culture, the mythology,
Of the space and time in which it sets sail.

* * * *

In the process of discovering the source,
You learn to yield to the path of least resistance.
It is really nothing more than child's play.

* * * *

All are of the original nature, but each must quest alone that essential state.
It is a journey relatively few feel strongly enough begin, much less complete.

* * * *

The quest for eternal freedom requires great courage.
The oblivion of identity, simple as it is,
Is not easily realized.

* * * *

Travel beyond knowledge into the realm of wisdom, and beyond that, stillness.

* * * *

You are it, it is you, there is no other.
There is no second, there is no third, no fourth,
Nor even tens of thousands, nor countless gazillions more.

* * * *

Real loving is without preference, without attachment.
Anything less than everything, anything less than agape, is not love.
It is without any imaginary notion, it is without any fictional conception, whatsoever.

* * * *

Let your identity go.
Put aside the bondage of thought.
You know nothing other than what you have imagined.

* * * *

Nothing is lost, nothing is forgotten.
Each alone must search for it, each alone must discern it.
Each alone must let go of all that is known, release all that is held near and dear,
To realize the eternal truth that must forever remain unknown.

* * * *

You must cultivate the discerning, disciplined scrutiny of the scientific mind
To discover the original nature that abides within all dreams great to small.

* * * *

In all that is and is not, the totality of absoluteness reigns.

* * * *

It is a nice ideal, but to love all manifestation in agape fashion,
To crave nothing in the daily passing, is a great challenge for anyone.
Likely even the heralded Buddha still tingled occasionally at a passing skirt.

Chapter Three

The individual, the mysterious you has never really existed.
You are a seeker seeking, a weaver weaving, an image imagining,
A dreamer dreaming, a witness witnessing, a kaleidoscope kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

The kaleidoscoping play of dreamtime illusion
Offers an infinity of pleasures and pains.
Fearing the loss of all you cling to,
All that you believe you know,
You choose the continuity of identity,
And thus suffer the burden of consciousness.

* * * *

How arduous the humility to simply see, cease believing, and suffer bondage no more.

* * * *

What do you want out of life? The seeds of your suffering are sown within the answer.

* * * *

If you are looking to be comfortable, truth is probably not your thing.

* * * *

How can anyone be anything but agnostic? Only pretenders pretend to know.

* * * *

Liberation requires unconditional surrender of identity; there is no compromise.

* * * *

You do not exist in the way you think.

* * * *

What else can you be but isness in disguise?

* * * *

Consciousness identified with form has lost touch with reality.

* * * *

You are that which is, and that which is, is you.

* * * *

Is there an individual who knows, or simply the knowing?

* * * *

Merely pandering the senses is a sure road to suffering.

* * * *

If there is any attachment,
Any desire to be bound,
One cannot discover the ultimate.
Even the craving to be liberated must cease.
You simply become what you are, what you have all along been.

* * * *

Evil touches only those who believe it real.

* * * *

Another dab of the usual pain and suffering to be endured how many more times?

* * * *

It is simply the pretense of free will playing out in the dream of consciousness.

* * * *

Maya is a rogue trickster, a sublime whore.
Few can serenely decline the infinity of temptations
Which will be offered before the journey's end.

* * * *

You are the dreamer in the dream, the player in the play, the mystery in all answers.

* * * *

Some answers are too large for any questions.

* * * *

Simple ignorance is the most true state.
You can only know appearances and attributes,
Projections you in mind, in imagination, in time, create.
The unknown is ever clouded in mystery.

* * * *

Prior to all mythos, prior to all weavings of the mind, you are that.

* * * *

If you give the monkey free reign, it will play your mind like a jungle.

* * * *

Avoid following or idolizing personalities
And any groupthink organized around them.
Real religion is a sojourn each must divine alone.

* * * *

Discovering what is real takes great dissatisfaction, great doubt.

* * * *

You manifest the experiences to which you give your attention.

* * * *

Why all this is happening no one can more than speculate.

* * * *

Is there anything that cannot be twisted, usurped, by some other agenda?

* * * *

In the ultimate eternal infinity of reality, each of us our own law.
In the club and fang of this mortal garden, however,
That is entirely a relative matter.

Chapter Four

Wake up, remember, go to sleep, forget.
Wake up, remember, go to sleep, forget.
Wake up, remember, go to sleep, forget.
Wake up, remember, go to sleep, forget.
Wake up...

* * * *

You suffer the linear continuity of time and space
Because your view of awareness is locked
Into a constricted conscious identity
That is not, has never been,
Will never be, real.

* * * *

Only in complete detachment can the agony and ecstasy of passion end.

* * * *

Neither birth nor death can touch what is real.

* * * *

What you truly are is faceless and nameless.
Your identity is superimposed by the dream about you.
It continues only because you accept it as real.

* * * *

When thought is understood to be vibration,
There is the potential to discern, to discover,
The movement need not translate into identity.

* * * *

When you truly discern none of it ultimately real,
You will find desire and fear no longer govern the day to day.
That the reality of the awareness in consciousness is timeless, changeless.
The you immersed in myriad limitations born of conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn, choiceless You,
That which is prior to all creation.

* * * *

The grand illusion will manifest whatever experiences you crave,
Whatever tempts you into believing time and space real.
Only those with the greatest intent will not waver
In their desire to discern the ultimate.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are you without the fabrications of imagination?

* * * *

To journey prior to consciousness requires a discerning courage.

* * * *

All identity is but a temporary fabrication, a one-time show.

* * * *

Words are merely sounds to which we each formulate varying degrees of attachment.

* * * *

Exist harmlessly whenever possible.
Exude your true nature,
Neither taking or giving offense,
And all things will bask in the light of beingness.

* * * *

All distinctions, though seemingly real, are ultimately illusory,
A vast eternal play of light and shadow imagining itself
On the kaleidoscoping screen of consciousness.

* * * *

You are in reality your own teacher.
Someone or another may point out this or that,
But it is you who must deciper it, you who must absorb it.

* * * *

Well all create our own meaning and purpose.
All are equally valid, and all just as equally invalid.
Play whatever theater you will, none are ultimately real.

* * * *

The choice is ultimately yours.
Endure according to you own vain will,
With all the suffering consciousness comprises.
Or give yourself over to the dimensionless isness of Self,
Your true nature, the inexplicable source of all that is, all that is not.

* * * *

Insight and intuition operate in a far different realm
Than the thoughts of the persona, the ego-identity.
They are woven into the unicity of the source itself.

* * * *

The mind has made a habit of believing it is an identity.

* * * *

All exists in consciousness, but where exactly does consciousness exist?

* * * *

That which is prior to all cannot be bound by limitation.

* * * *

There is no mental energy
Or physical energy or sexual energy.
Chakric distinctions are conceptual fabrications.
The quantum is but one force manifesting all appearances.
And whether it even exists is itself but the endless morass of speculation.

* * * *

Because one piece of fruit is ripe, ready to fall,
And another is small, green and tasteless,
Does not make it superior in any way.
All manifest forms are equally absolute,
Equally created of the same indivisible force.

* * * *

Few can own unquenchable freedom
Without passing through canyon after canyon
Of the agonizing hell of consciousness in separation.
In the discovery of what it never was, it is.

* * * *

When you discover what you truly are, what you truly are not,
What is left but an inexplicable sense of awareness, unchained.

* * * *

The more indifferent you are to this experience or that,
To the comings and goings of agony and ecstasy,
The closer you are to the original, natural state,
The ever-present beingness in which allness abides.

* * * *

Avoid moral dilemmas and quagmires.
Good and evil are the stillborn of duality.

* * * *

Though all that is, is the unicity of the great quantum,
Few deeply discern the ever-present, unborn-undying state.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

It is the awareness that is, for lack of a better word, divine,
Not that worthless, wretched, self-absorbed ego-identity.

* * * *

The quest for eternal freedom takes you to an arena
Few have the insight, discernment, or courage to explore.

* * * *

In the web of delusion's illusion, Maya weaves no desire unturned.

* * * *

What you fear is the product your own desire.

* * * *

Circumstance frames each of us to play out one identity or another.
In discerning this truth clearly, you can rediscover reality,
And in that reality, eternal life, eternal freedom.

* * * *

The screen of consciousness
Plays out this dream
But is it really happening?
Doubt it more and more every moment.

* * * *

None can point the way to those who lack the hunger of doubt.

* * * *

When you journey prior to all mythos, you are free to believe nothing.

* * * *

Discern the common denominator.

* * * *

Nothing remains as it is.
Continuity is a tempting illusion,
A kaleidoscoping dreamtime without reality.
Imagination is its own contagion.

* * * *

Bodily needs are relatively minimal, but the many desires born of mind,
Which creates all mythos, all sense of separation, is insatiable.
One must move beyond craving to attain liberation.

* * * *

Your identity is ultimately no more real than a reflection in a mirror.

* * * *

Taking life personally is a sure way to great ecstasies, and even greater agonies.

* * * *

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The indivisible waves of reality timelessly break ever anew.

* * * *

Whether you reclaim your birthright or not, the web spins on.

* * * *

The mystery can never be known or possessed, only intuited.

* * * *

Detachment comes with understanding, illumination with the liberation of eternity.

* * * *

The promise of permanence is a mythological weaving born of mind.
No manifestation can resist the kaleidoscoping nature of isness.
Only in the original state can the eternal reality be fathomed.

* * * *

Life is a dreaming, and but for memory,
And all the illusions and delusions it inspires,
The dreamer would have never existed.

* * * *

All manifestation only exists because you are witnessing it.
The dream of time is just happening, a spontaneous combustion.
Really no point asking who, what, where, when, why, how.

Chapter Five

The imaginary persona is not what you truly are.
Discern the indivisible you, surrender to the isness.
The solitary journey to manifest the unconditional reality
Is the raison d'être of this kaleidescoping quantum dreamtime.
All else is nothing more than absorbing distraction.

* * * *

The mind-body experience, all the ravenous weavings of sensory craving,
Combine in countless ways to impart the awareness of reality
To those rare few discriminating enough to see it.

* * * *

The mind can create every sort of heaven or hell.
Surrender or suffer, the choice born of free will.

* * * *

To you who yearn for the ultimate freedom,
You are all christs, you are all buddhas.
You are every mystic seer and master
This illusory cosmos has ever known.
You are your own timeless companion.
Do not be fooled into believing otherwise.

* * * *

Every culture molds individual conformity
To whatever mythos it prescribes.
It takes discerning courage
To discover and be what you truly are.
There is no freedom in incarnating a prescribed life.

* * * *

The indivisible absolute is no more responsible for this illusion
Than any ocean is for its surface, its bottom,
Or the play of its waves
Upon any number of shorelines.

* * * *

When all ambition and purpose is released,
You return to the naturally flowering awareness
Free of the burden of psychological identification.
To discern and own this peaceful, dreamlike freedom
Requires an inward simplicity, a detached humility,
A upheaval from the birthplace of all beingness.

* * * *

It is revolution in most earnest, purest form.
It is the journey to the end of personal consciousness.
It is the unqualified capitulation to harmony within and without.

* * * *

Words can only feebly point out the one and only way.
The discernment of their meaning is prior to all concept.

* * * *

The inward exploration of the mystery is the ultimate frontier of this manifest dream.

* * * *

What is the cosmos but a community born of oneness.

* * * *

You as personality, as identity,
Must become very still inwardly
To discern what you truly are.

* * * *

The personality worship of so-called spiritual teachers
Is a unmitigated misunderstanding of the ultimate state.

* * * *

To realize with every thread of your cloth
That you are the aloneness of totality's quantum fabric
Offers mind an unimaginable equanimity.

* * * *

Take what is beautiful and what is not beautiful as you would specks of dust.

* * * *

To criticize, to judge, any other is to throw stones
At all the iniquities you have likely committed
Times beyond counting in mind if not deed.

* * * *

These words are solely to dispel the delusion
That you truly exist as anything other than the entirety.
And how does one whole being treat any other?
Perhaps a little more compassionately
Than history has thus far noted.

* * * *

Beneath the blissful half-smiles of the Buddhas of paper and stone,
Are sharp fangs that will rip and tear your delusional reality to shreds.

* * * *

The quest for your natural state will leave you in a heap of ashes.
And from these ashes, what remains blossoms into unfettered clarity.

* * * *

Discerning this is very much a scientific exploration.
You will find the results duplicate the many experiments
Throughout humanity's evolution in consciousness.

* * * *

The urge of the mind-body to believe itself significant,
To believe itself vital and real, is an enticing play of imagination,
But when it inevitably falls away, all that will remain
Will be the only you it has ever truly been.

* * * *

If you expect someone who abides in a boundless state
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion,
And you may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, irate, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing groupthink,
Another pointless impasse born of imagination.

* * * *

Where exactly are you in that mind-body?
Where is the elusive center you imagine you are?
Is it in the brain, is it in the heart, or some other body part?
An unyielding, unrelenting, unfaltering, discriminating, quest for it,
Discloses the absolute nature of any dream of existence.

* * * *

No experience is more spiritual than another.
Every passing timeless moment is shrouded in mystery.
Picking your nose is in truth just as astounding
As raising someone from the grave.

* * * *

When thought stills naturally,
Only the most basic bodily urges remain.
The sexual cravings are bound to vivid imagination.
The body itself is not attached to the mind's insatiable hungers.

* * * *

You generally find the experiences you pursue.
If you seek none in particular, you will find life a timeless stage,
Which you spontaneously wander with a minimum of effort, a minimum of attachment.

* * * *

Notions of exclusive love are fanciful and romantic,
But are they real, are they authentic, are they enduring?

* * * *

You can only know what you are conditioned to believe,
Or what you garner through your own experience.
Be free, be content, to know nothing, as well.

* * * *

Real revolution is not reaction to the cause and effect of outward stimulus.
It is tuning within and following the insights born of your own awareness.

* * * *

Your natural state is unburdened, carefree, unchanging.
Many so-called civilized people will label it
Indolent, irresponsible, unproductive, even revolutionary.
It will be a long road in this purgatory before more than a few understand.

* * * *

The ethereal beings of all the religions and mythologies across time, across space,
Are only metaphors to be used as a means to discern the state before you were born.

* * * *

What is spiritual materialism but the vain ego-identity
Continuing its ongoing flight of fancy with illusion.

* * * *

The suffering of ego-identity,
With its isolating passions born of desire and fear,
Require the maintenance of interminable imaginary, often debilitating, effort.
Residing in the awareness of your real nature is effortless.

* * * *

Neither your mind-body identity, nor your actions, are your perfection.

* * * *

To awaken to its inexplicable, timeless, indivisibly absolute awareness,
Is surely the ultimate point and purpose of this manifest quantum paradigm.

* * * *

As long as you believe it all real, as long as you fabricate cause and effect,
You will endure, you will suffer, the many heavens and hells born of continuity.

* * * *

The flowering freedom of the natural state blossoms alone in simple ground.
Many may come to witness and admire and even worship it,
But few ever discriminate their own potency.

* * * *

Spiritual legalisms cannot touch your unfathomable lawlessness.

* * * *

Travel to the limits of the universe, or into the smallest atomic particle,
It is still but the imaginary temporal projection of manifest limitation.

* * * *

The absolute nature is the common denominator, the essential core of all manifestation.
Even if there someday proves to be a supreme being, it is created of the same source.

* * * *

Are you not more than a little weary of caring about
So many things that have never really mattered?

* * * *

You are not required to go out
And play any of the games the world offers.
It is only through your own imagination, your own volition,
Your own inner blending of desire and fear that you choose to participate
In whatever way you are consciously or unconsciously drawn.

Chapter Six

Most seek comfort more than truth.
Not requiring freedom at the bottom line,
They continue sentencing themselves in time
To the unending bondage of identification.

* * * *

Any personal god is your self-created illusion.
You are the only thing personal about godness.

* * * *

From attachment, detach.
From detachment, detach.
Nothing is as anyone thinks.

* * * *

What blade can pierce that which was never born?

* * * *

If you desire a solution to this frail mortal drama,
Then you must wake up to your mind,
And that which is prior.

* * * *

There is nothing you need do.
There is nothing you must change.
All is as it has ever been, will ever be.
The challenge is to happily dissolve within.

* * * *

Believe no one, accept nothing.
This must be entirely your discovery, your breakthrough.
You must let go everything and everyone if you are to discern that which you truly are.

* * * *

As you awaken, it becomes increasingly apparent
That your existence is not really yours to own.
Fabrications begin to gradually fall away.
That once self-absorbed persona dissipates,
Giving way as impenetrable mist does to the sun.
Eventually it becomes apparent that nothing can persevere
Except this ungraspable sense of abiding awareness,
Which pervades every portion of your being
As globules of water do the ocean.

* * * *

These many thoughts are ultimately about simplicity itself.
You will not hear them, understand them, clearly
Until you are inwardly simple enough
To comprehend the mystery they are in you.

* * * *

The garden exists when you as knower do not.

* * * *

So subtle this illusive play,
Only the most simple,
The most humble, can even begin
To perceive, discern, distill and joyfully wonder
How unfathomable it truly is.

* * * *

Good turns into evil and evil into good.
Just where is the imagined division
But the limitation in your vision?

* * * *

Love, joy, bliss, and compassion are pleasant ideals,
Words which sound conceptually true and ultimately real,
But what is their reality in your beingness right now?

* * * *

When identity fades in importance, what remains is the awareness of awareness.
Reality resides in this moment-to-moment functioning.
Nothing more is necessary.

* * * *

The first and last error is believing this mysterious awareness
Somehow belongs to you as an individual, somehow belongs to you as a distinct soul.
That all the thoughts you have about your identity and your world,
Are somehow real, are somehow true.

* * * *

To maintain any one path most true,
To insist on duality in any way, any shape, any form,
Is to completely misconstrue the relativity of this manifest dreamtime.

* * * *

Your eyes, when seen impersonally,
Are just one set of those beyond number
In eternity's well-trod, ever-present witnessing.

* * * *

Try not to make the spiritual quest for union more complex than it is.
It is so very logically, rationally, obviously, happily simple.
It is something to be discovered, not believed.

* * * *

Real relationship is freeing, allowing, without ulterior motive.

* * * *

Do not subscribe to any ists, any isms.
Use all teachings only as tools to discern for yourself
The unconditional freedom their founders brought to consciousness.

* * * *

Living in the freedom of original state
Requires no symbolic forms whatsoever.
Only the complacent tarry in tangibles.

* * * *

Avoid being enticed by meaningless speculation.
Attempting to know the unknowable is vexing and futile.
All you can ever know is what your mind projects.

* * * *

Abide where desire and fear have no hold,
The natural state prior to all the temporal manifestation,
The unnameable, unknowable source from which all creation is spawned.

* * * *

Whether there is just one life or a trillion,
You have never possessed or been anything more
Than the awareness you are right now.

* * * *

Every groupthink plants its seeds of illusion,
But as you awaken and stretch into your original nature,
Less and less will the prattle of inanity have any overriding meaning.

* * * *

The ceaseless arrays of suffering
Personalities locked into consciousness
Have no real meaning to the ultimate nature.
There is nothing which will save you as an identity,
Nothing from which you or anything else need be saved.

* * * *

Consciousness through the senses creates duality.
Duality fabricates the illusory concept.
Concept believes itself real.

* * * *

What is there to believe? What is there to know?
How can you be in anything but contemplative wonder,
And the still awareness from whence it every moment sparks.

* * * *

No one observing you will ever see much.
You function and interact habitually,
Completing all required tasks
In much the same mode as before.
It is only within, out of temporal viewing,
That the absoluteness reveals its handiwork,
The unfathomable nature of its creative destruction.

* * * *

The personality is merely a complex interaction of patterns.
Thoughts and emotions playing out the mind-body theater.

* * * *

The worship of tangibles will not get you home.

* * * *

If there is any struggle to meditate, to contemplate,
Then it is not the authentic freedom of true surrender.
All effort is of the ego ever imagining itself genuine.

* * * *

To discern reality clearly, to surrender to it absolutely, agnostically,
Is to have no more questions, and a dwindling number of concerns.

* * * *

Transcendence, enlightenment, illumination,
Are simply catchwords for living naturally, logically,
In the unfiltered awareness prior to concept or concern.

* * * *

Anyone claiming to be the key, the middleman to the answer.
Is setting you up for one of the best scams history ever devised.

* * * *

Putting anyone, putting anything, on a pedestal
Only puts off discerning your own emancipation.

* * * *

Ignorance of the first and last state,
Denial of the unconditional nature of aloneness,
Only regenerate the suffering of time-bound consciousness.

* * * *

All manifestation is subject to the patterning,
While the source to which all patterns essentially subscribe,
Remains timelessly inexplicable, timelessly inscrutable, forever unknowable.

* * * *

The ultimate delusion is that anyone can ever really know anything.
Pretending to “know” is nothing more than its own play of arrogance;
The vanity, the pride, of ego given over to the fabrications of imagination.

* * * *

The awareness that you truly are, call it whatever you will,
Is prior to all the suffering, prior to all the torments of consciousness:
Unconditional, indifferent, desireless, birthless, deathless, indivisibly timeless.

* * * *

The mind marinated in the theater of time can never be secure.
Only in complete capitulation to the vulnerability of the natural state
Can there be any real clarity, any real calmness, any real peace.

* * * *

Maya manifests an infinity of veiled facets.
Once the original nature is discerned and understood,
How can you not own each and every one.

* * * *

Once you clearly discern the weaving of desire and fear,
How they patterned your personality becomes apparent.

* * * *

The mind-body is but a limited, partial receiver,
Discerning but a mere sliver of the all but infinite potential
Of the electromagnetic spectrum in this inscrutable hologram matrix.

* * * *

Do not be blinded by the ever-playful lila of the senses.
They read only the temporal theater of light and shadow.

* * * *

This insight into the enigma cannot be explained
Or agreed upon or persuaded or held onto,
In any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

Do those who are religious think themselves religious?
Yet another all-but-inevitable snare of consciousness.

* * * *

Give no thought to where thought cannot tread.

* * * *

When exactly will you be ready to die, of not now?

* * * *

Do good and evil exist anywhere but consciousness?

* * * *

When there is no longer any craving for separation,
You will merge into the infinite ocean of oblivion,
Never to return to the pretensions of form.

* * * *

Turn the light to the heart
And the mind will melt into right relationship,
A union without compare.

* * * *

Explore love as much as you might with all your beingness,
It is the awareness within all that is its unfathomable cradle.

* * * *

Reality will ever be,
But the dreamtime of humankind
Is on a collision course with an unforgiving force,
And those who survive the great fall, if any, will face a new world,
Bounded by the remnants, the scar tissue, of the one we altered beyond all pales.

* * * *

No need to be timid or bashful about it anymore.
No need to hesitate when asked who you are anymore.
No need to deny the ultimate truth of it anymore.
Unfurl into what you have the vision to see.

* * * *

In the ultimate state, no thing exists.

Chapter Seven

The point of these words
Is to fan the fire of absoluteness,
The hidden reality and all you truly are,
Until sovereignty rages your identity into ashes
And the phoenix of pure awareness is all that remains.

* * * *

Cut a pie into however many pieces you might, the slices will ever total one.

* * * *

At some point in your investigation of this pathless mystery
You must set aside all teachers and teachings
And fish by your own light.

* * * *

Maya is a spider, and the web is your mind.

* * * *

Anyone claiming to be an intermediary of truth is a fraud.
All are portals, all have free and equal access
To the source of their beingness.

* * * *

To realize that you are the song of isness
Is life's ultimate raison d'être.
The rest is fluff.

* * * *

If you spend your time debating whether this or that religion,
Whether this or that philosophy, is right or wrong, best or worst, good or bad,
Then you have really missed the essential point and purpose,
And own nothing but a mind of empty words.

* * * *

You were the original nature before your manifest genesis.
Since then, the conditioning of geographic collusions
Have denied you the awareness of that impersonal reality.
It is a challenging calling to discern and return to your birthright.

* * * *

Pure awareness does not differentiate sex, race, color, culture, creed or nationality.
That is nothing more than the capricious play of manifest human consciousness.

* * * *

It is the ever-evolving comprehension
Of what complete surrender of identity signifies
That will get you as near as any mind can
To still pool of awareness you are.

* * * *

Best to avoid using the word love
Unless you have the wit and wisdom
To baptize it in the purity of agape.

* * * *

All notions, all fabrications, of the imaginary me, myself, and I,
Whether as an individual, a couple, a family, a tribe, or a nation-state,
Are constant companions, stalwart allies, of desire and fear,
Shadow-dancing toward some illusory security.

* * * *

Is there even one ephemeral moment, one instantaneous here-now,
That can ever be truly experienced as anything more
Than a time-bound perception?

* * * *

Any attempt to fill the void is futile
And only prolongs unnecessary suffering.
Aloneness should be savored like premium wine.
Learning to waft in your eternal vintage is the challenge.

* * * *

Drugs in themselves are really not the problem.
Using them moderately, for right purpose, is the key.

* * * *

What to do with history and its countless mythologies born of time and circumstance.
Every language, every tradition, every ceremony, every symbol, imaginable.
The freest spirits throw off the yoke of even being a human being.

* * * *

Dissatisfaction is encouraged to insure cultural continuity.
Would-could any society long survive if people were content?

* * * *

It takes a great deal of discerning courage
To be vulnerable, unconditional, intelligent, content, total,
To allow no phenomena to deter opening your heart and mind to eternity.

* * * *

Words are only concepts, and concepts have no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

To be ensnared in the web of identity is unequivocal misery.
To believe the temporal mind-body personality real and lasting,
What an arbitrary, confining impingement upon the eternal spirit.

* * * *

Travel as far as the farthest reaches allow,
That which is absolute, that which is eternal,
Is ever the space prior to all imaginary pursuit.

* * * *

Parables in most every tradition point to the ultimate absolute nature
Yet most only hear the tale, and miss entirely the mystery of the lesson.

* * * *

To discern, to know, without doubt, that you are indivisibly one
With all that is, all that has ever been, and all that will ever be,
Is not, if you have the discerning wit, something to be missed.

* * * *

Question everything.
Tear every assumption to pieces.
Only total revolution within can free your spirit
From the whatever conditioning the world has chained you.

* * * *

Once upon a moment all things great and small abided in natural harmony.
And then knowledge was plucked, identification was rendered,
And the garden was enslaved by consciousness.

* * * *

In the quest of your eternal nature,
There is no good-old-boy authority network.
You are the soul author of your dreamtime universe.

* * * *

So many try to change themselves into someone else’s ideal.
See the complete falseness of trying to duplicate anyone else's journey.
This discernment of the awareness, this insight into the eternal, cannot be imitated.

* * * *

Call it what you will, do with it what you will,
All any seeker can really do in this immeasurable mystery
Is grapple with imagination’s endless permutations,
Until they become aware of the awareness,
And at long last set themselves free.

* * * *

Who is the knower who knows? Who is the dreamer who dreams?
Who else can it be but the one and only you from whom all who is who.

* * * *

Do not abide the religious pharisees.
Listen and watch and learn only from those
Who point back to you, and ask nothing in return.

* * * *

To want nothing from the dream,
To be serenely content to merely be it,
Is about as real as you can be.

* * * *

There is really no river to cross, nor ocean into which to merge.
The original nature is on both banks, and all shores,
And above and below, within and without,
Each and every point, as well.
The quantum matrix knows no other.

* * * *

The mind's greatest desire is to attain complete security,
And the endless craving to know unanswerable answers
Is a perpetual, gnawing part of that vain and futile quest.

* * * *

So much suffering caused by the fruit of knowledge,
Yet how much anyone can ever really know
Makes a thimble look large.

* * * *

The world needs fewer messiahs and gurus,
And more pedestrians walking freely in the day-to-day mundane.
Wood-choppers and water-carriers, so to speak.

* * * *

You are a holograph of isness.
Everything isness is, everything it is not,
Is discernable within the awareness “you” truly are.

* * * *

Do not deny, do not doubt, the quantum nature, the quantum matrix, you truly are.
Call it divine, call it god, call it what is, call it whatever, the words do not matter.

* * * *

The god or gods the mind projects are but fabrications of imagination.
Godness is the awareness prior to all combobulations of consciousness.

* * * *

There may or may not be a supreme being, a personal god,
But even if there is, it is also of the same clay as you.
Absoluteness is the common denominator of all.

* * * *

How passionately so many deluded souls believe the outward world,
The world of wealth, power, status, knowledge, possessions, bring about happiness,
When right relationship with one's Self is its one and only true source.

* * * *

Surrender all you think you are, and what is left is the harmony of eternity.

* * * *

The countless masks of manifestation are difficult to disbelieve.

* * * *

You are already it, your only task, to discern it, to own it.

* * * *

Without that sense of past and projection of future,
Without all those neuron trails fabricating identity,
Where would all the suffering caper and cavort?

* * * *

Any given frame of the whirling kaleidoscope is the same as any other.

* * * *

As long as you depend on the sanction of others, you will never be truly free.

* * * *

The length of any given moment
Is so infinitesimal as to have never been.
There could be at least a trillion trillions in any given blink.
If you were counting, that is.

* * * *

There is a serenity within all who allow their minds to grow still.

* * * *

Curious how the most obvious things are often the last to be seen.

* * * *

Even nothing does not matter.

* * * *

Be as Self-ish as you please.

* * * *

You never know what jewels or coal will come your way
In the indivisible serendipities of the given day-to-day.

* * * *

Whatever grabs your attention is the tether to the sensory play.

* * * *

You are in it, it is in you, the drop is not separate from the ocean.

* * * *

In the destruction of Eden, we are all complicit in one way or another.

* * * *

Memes rule.

* * * *

Through consciousness, the awareness timelessly witnesses all.
Discern and surrender to the quantum essence.
That which you indivisibly are.

Chapter Eight

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into so-called religion.

* * * *

Assumptions can take one down many hard paths.

* * * *

Before enlightenment, suffering.
After enlightenment, suffering.
But perhaps, and just perhaps,
Without quite the same attachment.

* * * *

Normal is the encasing ideal of culture.
It is the conditioning of tradition.
It is the denial of the flower.

* * * *

You are more than you know, less than you think.

* * * *

What irony that those history anoints worthy of note
Were so often callous liars, cheats, thieves and murderers,
Who used the coin of their realms to acquire a redeeming image.

* * * *

Interesting how so many of our kind
So earnestly strive to be known, to be remembered.
Some sort of survival mechanism deep within the genomic structure,
That histories across time and space well know as the cause of many an absurdity.

* * * *

What does it mean to think you are this body, that you are alive?
What makes you believe you will someday cease to exist?
What makes you so sure you were ever even born?

* * * *

Sorrow is a function of time.

* * * *

What is the use of worrying over anything?
The only problem is the maker of the problem,
The duality the mind in separation creates.

* * * *

What might it have been like to have never seen your face?
To have never gazed at your reflection in a pool of water or a mirror,
To have never had a portrait painted, or a photograph taken,
To have abided only in the many reflections of others
As you wandered about your perceived world.

* * * *

Those aware of the awareness neither need nor create nor foster
Any belief, any tradition, any ritual, any symbol, any dogmatic hierarchy.
That is the entangling outcome of those who are forever baffled,
Those who follow, those who imitate, those who recite.

* * * *

The dreamtime river is an ever-flowing quantum matrix.
Though mind may attempt to dam it, to channel it,
Or to encase it until it wallows in stagnation,
It ever remains unconstrained, eternal.

* * * *

To flow in the symphony of isness
Is to know the serenity of eternity.
It is as simple as the next breath.

* * * *

Living as most manifest it,
Is little more than a life-long,
Unlearned lesson about vanity.

* * * *

Hesitation, guilt, shame, remorse,
Are the plight of the conditioned mind.
Live each moment fully, and regret nothing.

* * * *

Contour whatever dreamy illusion you will,
You are ever the clay of the ground,
And clay sees only clay.

* * * *

Attach to no definitions, accept no labels.

* * * *

By succumbing to knowledge and the experience of separate identity,
Consciousness weaves a sticky web of dualistic perception,
The reckoning to which, all who yearn freedom
Must alone realize the key.

* * * *

All lives are played out in one pattern or another.
The mind habitually requires the order of purpose and meaning,
Yet all purpose and meaning is nothing more than the make-believe of delusion.
The realization that you are but a dream is the only salvation.

* * * *

There are no chosen people.
All are equal in the quandary of oneness.
Those laying such claims only mislead themselves
And anyone credulous enough to believe someone on a pulpit.

* * * *

The mind-body as identity can never know serenity.
It is a recorded etching of pain and pleasure,
A vain product of manifest separation bound in time.
The mind-body's ambition to become is vested self-deception.

* * * *

All that is, is of the patterning, but what resides prior to all patterns?
Who cares whether you exist once, or expire times beyond counting?
Every moment's kaleidoscoping streamtime is the story’s true telling.

* * * *

At their outset, most religions were likely seeded with masterful insight,
But to all but the most discerning, to all but the least confused,
They have all too predictably become nothing more
Than hierarchical snares of dogmatic self-perpetuation.

* * * *

When you came into this garden through your mother's womb,
You and all the other creatures knew only the concord of eternity.
You consumed the harvest of knowledge and lost sight of its source.
The so-called beasts still reside in there, awaiting your timeless return.

* * * *

The point of all this is to help you learn
To tap your own eternal nature.
That all your vain divisions are illusory,
That your sense of duality is utterly fabricated.
Examine closely everything you have ever been told.
To own this you must be in total revolution.

* * * *

You are ultimately alone in this eternal journey.
At best another can only offer some hints and urge you on.
You must blaze it anew in whatever way you will.

* * * *

Spiritual hierarchies are manufactured
By those often quite willing to seize everything,
And leave your spirit desolate and flapping on a rocky shore.

* * * *

Undo the quest for continuity.
Reality bubbles in the moment.

* * * *

Thoughts such as these are dead in themselves.
Their intention is to aid in the transcendence of consciousness,
Into discerning the timeless, changeless, immutable potential of the natural state.
And whether or not they resonate, succeed, flourish, triumph, prosper,
Is entirely up to the ears that hear, the eyes that see.

* * * *

The quantum matrix kaleidoscopes into human beings,
And humans imagine the mystery in their own image.

* * * *

You can speculate and argue about this mystery all you please,
But what you think makes absolutely no difference, whatsoever.

* * * *

Every culture creates an ethos to perpetuate its continuity.
Identification with any mindset, any tradition, is ultimately a quagmire.
To become boundless, to realize absolute nature, to become the cosmic dance,
Discern that all mythos is nothing more than vain, arbitrary fabrication.

* * * *

These sundry thoughts are for those no longer enchanted or distracted
By the ever-kaleidescoping light show of this manifest dreamtime,
Those called to discover that which is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

You need not “try” to become absolute supreme.
You already are that ultimate, effortless state.
Simply rid yourself of the forged sense of identity.
Still the mind, ignore the senses, abide in the awareness.

* * * *

All are free to drink fully from the eternal reservoir.
How thirsty any are is really the first and last question.

* * * *

Celibacy is a natural lack of craving, not denial or repression.

* * * *

The indelible mystery and those who discern it with a dollop of clarity,
Have always been misconstrued and desecrated by the vanities of ignorance.
Awakening to your own witlessness, challenging it in every way, is the prime directive.

* * * *

There is such a huge gap between knowledge and understanding,
And neither have much in common with the source or their origin.

* * * *

When the inner voice, the ego, the little self,
Dissolves into the awareness, into the witness,
The mistaken conception of duality ceases.

* * * *

From beginning to end in this dreamy manifest dimension,
All you think you are, is just food for worms and other critters.

* * * *

The awakened mind in awareness wanders a pathless path,
In which, within every breath consciousness allots,
It repeatedly discerns there is no other.

* * * *

There is really no difference between monster and saint.
Both are just masks disguising the same faceless nature.

* * * *

Those who cannot comprehend will constrict your efforts into labels
In order to avoid the introspection that understanding would require.
Never allow your Self to be encased by Maya's countless limitations.

* * * *

As long as you abide the mind set in some concrete, arbitrary reality
You cannot discern the fluid timelessness of its indivisible nature.

* * * *

Identity is nothing more than a collusion of memory.
Without it you are no different than anything else.

* * * *

There is a time to sow, a time to reap.
There is a time to learn, a time to unlearn.
To abide all with a sense of grace is the task.

* * * *

To quaff at the trough of eternity without sharing
Does not seem to be the nature of the indivisible.

* * * *

Those who will not collude, they are the unborn, prior to mind and senses
Free of desire, fearless, absolute, timeless, serene, they wander alone.

* * * *

To see this is to unfurl the sails in a rudderless voyage.

* * * *

So many prophets and religions, so many philosophers and philosophies.
Curious how much more guileless truth is than the countless thoughts about it.

* * * *

The quixotic seeker travels far and wide and long,
Until finally realizing home was always here now.

* * * *

Are you Jew, Muslim, Christian, Buddhist, Taoist,
Existentialist, nihilist, ad infinitum?
Or none of the above?

* * * *

Many a scientist has through microscope and telescope discovered
What seers across time and space intuited long before history's origin.

* * * *

Thought as identity, as persona, is a yellow brick road
Bent on every conceivable, every imaginable genre of suffering.
Only in the tranquil stillness of the indivisible awareness
Is there any prospect for genuine contentment.

* * * *

One day you will perhaps find craving,
Other than for the most essential necessities,
Slowly, quietly, without fanfare, just burns itself out.

* * * *

Dispense with knowledge and the ever-present garden reappears.

* * * *

Whatever you do, whenever you do it,
Wherever you do, in whatever form you do it,
It will ever be nothing more than a quantum dream.

* * * *

Those claiming they are keepers of any given belief system, any given word,
Can never be more than false prophets and sordid hypocrites.
Even That I Am cannot know its origin.

* * * *

Through awareness of the other comes awareness of the no other.

* * * *

So many claims, so many lies, so many scams.
The so-called spiritual quest is not about power, fame or fortune.
It is about ascertaining the clarity of your own vision.

* * * *

Sensations you like are pleasurable, sensations you do not like are not pleasurable.
Both are equally the recreation of the mind abiding the senses.
Discern That which is prior to all.

* * * *

Imagination is its own student, its own teacher.

* * * *

It may take a few billion years
For all traces of humankind to be obliterated,
But eventually everything recycles in this quantum playground,
So, no worries, Mate, earth abides.

* * * *

When will you be free and clear?
When will you discern that which you already are?
Depends how long you persist in lugging around that busy-busy mind
To which you so arbitrarily and tenaciously cling.

Chapter Nine

The eternal salvation so many claim
Remains up to you to discover and recover.
Following some guide up an arduous mountain pass
Still requires that you undertake the journey very much alone.

* * * *

That moment you just zippity-whizzed through,
What was it but a tentative perception?
How can you ever prove it ever really happened
But through subjective, arbitrary, unverifiable assertion?

* * * *

Believe nothing, abide in ignorance, the profound reality.

* * * *

Maya will steal your things,
Diminish and annihilate your body,
And play every sort of havoc with your mind,
But do not let it tame your soul.

* * * *

Love, as much of humankind manifests it, can be a fairly hateful act.

* * * *

How many seek out others who will support their delusion.

* * * *

You are a witness, not an identity.

* * * *

How unique relationship founded upon respect.

* * * *

Every moment is birth and death, creation and destruction,
Appearing very different, yet ultimately very much the same.

* * * *

Breathe in isness … Breathe out isness …

* * * *

Languages and mythoi are ever-changing in time,
But the wisdom expressed by each is timeless in all.

* * * *

All your ambition to become,
All the conflicts you partake,
All the suffering you register,
Mean nothing, nada, zero-sum.

* * * *

Such a mysterious dream, and you, the mystery dreaming.

* * * *

So subtle this timeless passing.

* * * *

Words! Words! Words! Such wretched, distorting, incomplete distractions.

* * * *

Once you begin this solitary pilgrimage,
There will be endless distractions,
But there is no turning back.

* * * *

You are the sojourner witnessing your own creation.

* * * *

The soul-mating you seek is really to your Self.

* * * *

Who cares if there is some sort of corporate pecking order to some sort of god?
Be content to be plebeian, gatekeeper, gardener, ferryman, charioteer.
Or whatever unpretentious role suites your beginner nature.

* * * *

Vanity binds you again and again in the figment of your mind.

* * * *

Everything you see, hear, touch, taste, smell,
Every thought, every belief, everything known and intuited,
Is personal mythos, entirely of your own creation, your own imagination.

* * * *

Humanity has concocted every sort of mythology
To explain that which can never be known,
Yet suffering and angst continues unabated in every venue.
Organized religions, priests, sages, shamans, channelers, shysters, and charlatans,
Have failed to bring about any fundamental, simple, true clarity.
Why do you continue to be so gullible?

* * * *

Teaching is an excellent way to discover how little you know.

* * * *

Rapture over the spectacles of the human paradigm
Is akin to a domesticated animal raving about its cage.

* * * *

Doubt includes the dread that you may be wrong.
You are not.

* * * *

You are on your own.
The eternal is yours to tap.
The keys are your heart and mind,
And your unwillingness to settle for lies.

* * * *

Mind is both the source of separation and the potential for reunification.

* * * *

Discern that to which no label clings.

* * * *

An enlightened parent's purpose in life is to empower a child
Not to depend psychologically on them or anyone else.
Do not use the innocent to redeem your deficiency.

* * * *

Once you as identity are shattered,
The trick is not putting the shards together again.
Let Humpty-Dumpty rest in pieces.

* * * *

So many just throw their minds, their lives away
On the kaleidoscoping illusion of appearances and attributes,
Never grasping that it is the portal to the mystery neither within or without.

* * * *

The clayness abides any and every shape:
Animal, plant, insect, fish, earth, water, air and fire.
But can never peer beyond the enticing veil of manifest form
For more than momentary intuitive glimpses of its unnamable upwelling.

* * * *

All explanations of the inexplicable mystery in any mythos
Are limited by the conceptual constraints of the given language,
And the expansive or contracted vision to which its aspires.

* * * *

Are psychological theories and therapies anything more than tools
To engineer your continued conformity to the given cultural mindset?

* * * *

What have you discovered for yourself?
Is there some substance behind what you believe,
Or are you just regurgitating something you read or heard?
Unless you own your own mind, you will never perceive what is true.

* * * *

From your earliest moments, naming and defining began,
Desire was encouraged, innocence corrupted, and suffering derived.
Only the most unassuming, the most transparent, realize the timeless birthright.

* * * *

To discern heaven, you may well long and far traverse purgatory,
That which this temporal enterprise oftentimes appears to be,
Until, within and without, you awaken to its eternal reality.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is any dreamtime life form
But same the faceless witness beneath the mask you wear.

* * * *

Every flower has its time, and every one the compost for the next bloom.

* * * *

Wherever you sojourn, far and wide as it may appear, you are always here now.

* * * *

The temporal world urges you to gather all you can whenever you can,
But to discern the indivisible, inscrutable, timeless source,
You must, within and without, let everything go.

* * * *

You can never really hope to know
Who, what, when, why, where or how.
It being an intangible, ungraspable mystery,
All you can do is intuit that you are it and it is you.

* * * *

The truth spoken is not truth.

* * * *

These thoughts have no existence of their own.
Their meaning – like all paradoxes, ironies, and riddles –
Only those who perceive their own drum can hear.

* * * *

We are all faking it, pretenders making it up as we go,
And all the while trying so hard to justify ourselves bona fide.
Stop, take a deep breath, take the play and yourself less seriously.
Be here now, be the timeless awareness you truly are.

* * * *

Transcending the doubt, merging into that which is intangible, indivisible,
Is an arduous journey, a profoundly mysterious inner quest,
The ending to which is timelessly the same.

* * * *

Pleasure and pain attract and repel like fighters in the ring,
Yet few discern the causeless cause and effortless solution.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to the sensory theater,
The stillness before time is what you every moment are.

* * * *

The essence of what you are is unknowable and ever out of reach.
Embracing an agnostic state of mind makes existence very simple.

* * * *

Most are satisfied with one mythos or another.
Few discriminate the indivisible foundation directly.
The maya of consciousness is a great distractor.

* * * *

What is the point of living a life
Merely to gratify the senses and pander the mind?
Surely there is more to it than that.

* * * *

Because there is no other, there is no need to prove anything
To all the others you spend your consciousness creating.
It is all you.

* * * *

Your persona is doomed to complete and utter extinction,
And there is no other to save that which needs no saving.

* * * *

All divisions are markers of ignorance.

* * * *

Wherever you go, whatever you do, you are always here, you are always now.

* * * *

You have done and said and thought many things,
But all are merely a passing dream.
You are none of them.

* * * *

Play the spiritual hierarchy game if it amuses you,
But ultimately totality, not the player,
Is your original nature.

* * * *

The arrogant suffer quite a shock then their ignorance becomes apparent.

* * * *

Psychological dependency aborts sovereignty.

* * * *

Do not encumber what is written here
With the labels and assumptions of the intellect.
No concept treads in the arena of indivisible absoluteness.

* * * *

Your believing it real is a prison of your own design.

* * * *

Identity is so painfully confining, so dreadfully mundane.
Why you continue to seek continuity is, indeed, a mystery.

* * * *

Those discerning reality can only feel compassion
For the multitudes who tarry in ignorance and confusion.

* * * *

All the imagination in the universe
Cannot project itself into either past or future.
The eternal here now is the only time there has ever been.

* * * *

Manifest life might get closer to being fair if everyone played by the same rules.

* * * *

Awakening is for every one, yet not for everyone.
The many are called, few are chosen conundrum.

* * * *

If you are here-now-ing in awareness, you are That I Am.
No brag, just fact.

* * * *

It is your sandbox; do with it what you will.

* * * *

Nothing will ever be the same.

* * * *

The only difference between any given you and me
Is our perceptions, our vanities, born of imagination.

* * * *

Fear and desire have molded your mind into imagining time real.
Freedom in consciousness is abiding in the momentary awareness.

Chapter Ten

Using some confining, dogmatic, pointlessly hollow concept of god
To endure, to stomach, the day-to-day time-bound mundane
Does not make anyone more spiritual or transcendent
Than they and everyone and everything else
Every indivisible eternal moment is.

* * * *

Locked in identity, we are all vain outbursts.

* * * *

Sorrow is a distraction you choose to play.

* * * *

When to say yes, when to say no,
When to say the maybe that does not mean yes,
Is a talent not easily mastered.

* * * *

Life's seeming meaninglessness
Is a thin veneer disguising its purpose.
Rip off that mask and discover your real face.

* * * *

The journey home is fraught with demons of your own making.

* * * *

The quantum of humanity awakens at its own pace
Into conscious action in routine daily living.
Do not wait for others to follow suit.

* * * *

Practice, practice, practice, it is endless practice.

* * * *

Sometimes you end up at the right placed at the right time.
Other times at the wrong place at the right time.
But what is good and what is bad?
Looking back later, does it not all seem relative?

* * * *

Erase any and all doubt that you are indivisible quantum source.
Exist serenely in the ever-present, moment-to-moment, timeless reality.
Even in the midst of complete and utter chaos, you are the harmony that reigns.

* * * *

Accept nothing short of direct perception.
What point is there to anything less?

* * * *

To peer through the dualistic sensory screen
At the ceaseless diversity across this garden world,
And see only the unicity of awareness, is an arduous task.

* * * *

Explore the underlying indivisible simplicity within all things.

* * * *

Never disbelieve or deny another's experience.
Just because it has not yet been discerned within your realm
Does not mean anything is not perhaps possible.
You are the eternal proof of that.

* * * *

The only real sin you have ever committed was never being told of your original nature.

* * * *

Past and future are the imagined collusion of the monkey-mind.

* * * *

God surely meant guardianship of the garden, not domination and destruction.

* * * *

To assume the source of this mystery is either male or female
Is to completely miss the very real probability that it is neither,
That sexuality is likely nothing more than random happenstance.

* * * *

Is creation anything more than one big unfathomable quantum experiment?

* * * *

Condemning any individual or group in for the state of the world
Misses the interconnected collusion of all humankind across time.
To one degree or another, each and every one of us is responsible.

* * * *

All your selfish craving for security denies everyone else's.

* * * *

Drugs, if used, should be used to find reality, not escape from it.

* * * *

To die for an idea is as vain as it gets.

* * * *

When struggle and resistance end,
When surrender to what is, is complete,
You will be the awareness that is home to all.

* * * *

Somehow the mysterious glue of now holds together into the next.

* * * *

Light and dark are but sensory perceptions of consciousness.
The reality of the indivisible absolute is prior to any and all notions.
To subscribe to any conceptions is merely the vain game of imagination.

* * * *

One by one, drop by drop, quantum by quantum,
Human consciousness must individually reconcile its indivisibility.
All resistance is imagined.

* * * *

Sow the seed of godness, and it will harvest you.

* * * *

All mythos is a cruel hoax played upon the unborn.

* * * *

Separation from the source is purgatory.
Heaven is the born again reunion within.

* * * *

Awakening is like going to a big screen movie theater.
At first you observe only the plot upon the screen.
At some point you see there must be more to it,
That light passes through a lens on a projector.
The bulb and film seem to be the source of it all
Until you find the electrical cord plugged into the wall.
And where that leads to, what it comes from, is anybody's guess.
So enjoy the movie, realize it is not as real as you thought,
That what you really are is hidden behind the wall.

* * * *

Do not seek out christs, buddhas, and other sages
Except as means to realize your own knowing.

* * * *

Each must find their way alone as suits disposition, interest, and capacity,
The mysterious givens of the manifest patterning that makes all unique.

* * * *

Knowing you are one with all manifestation
Does not mean you should not exercise caution
When petting tigers or sleeping with snakes.

* * * *

Those who strive only for the vanities of power and fame and fortune,
Close the gateless gate to the timeless mystery within and without.

* * * *

Hurl your dream into the ocean of reality; you are but a drop in the spraying reef.

* * * *

Coming to grips with the eternal nature is rarely as simple as it is.

* * * *

You may transcend the innumerable limitations of the mortal nature,
But must still partake the confines and consequences of the given form.

* * * *

Peace, as simple as it is, takes intention to manifest.
Humanity did not reach any point in time through tranquil means.
Peace for many would be akin to a morsel of food stuck in a glutton's throat.

* * * *

Undiscerning dogmatic rigidity and repression
Are not laudable ingredients in questing the spirit.
Fanaticism in any of its many vain faces has little merit.
Travel the path of moderation whenever possible.

* * * *

Do not hope for a better time.
Heaven's eternal way will ever be now.
Hope only puts off the realization of the unfolding.

* * * *

All the creed, crucifixes, statues, holy books, prayers,
Are but distractions until you are ready for the real gold.

* * * *

The ego identity is as shallow as a poor man's grave.

* * * *

Eternity begins and ends this moment,
A birthright most are far-removed from ever knowing,
And even fewer tap with their whole being.

* * * *

The mortal mind is a temporal, mysterious tapestry threaded by desire.
Fear and anger and obsession and every variety of vanity,
Are among the most negative outcomes.

* * * *

The world is a hatching ground of so many potentials as to be incalculable.

* * * *

Some might argue owning this depends on karma,
That no one can accelerate or coerce the awakening.
Others contend it will happen if you simply desire it so.
Your own research into the matter is warranted.

* * * *

As long as you believe your identity genuine,
As something more than the underlying awareness,
You will dread sickness and injury and aging and demise.

* * * *

Those operating in a limited, conditioned view of godness
May see your light and may even invite you to reside in their fold,
But your vision of totality, they will likely never even begin to comprehend.

* * * *

To intelligently witness this absurd spectacle,
And not descend into darkness through cynicism,
Or stumble about clumsily in ironic laughter,
Is a most challenging tightrope, indeed.

* * * *

Any belief that you are separate from the totality
Is founded entirely upon unwarranted delusion.

* * * *

To give over, to relinquish one's existence
To fully discerning the awareness, the godness within,
There is no greater actuality, no superior truth,
Than opening the portal to the eternal.

* * * *

Nothing is known, nothing is left unknown.

* * * *

To own this awareness,
And somehow abide in the world,
Is what this scarred garden so badly needs.
Likely will not change anything in the inevitability of it all,
But it needs it just the same.

* * * *

At first you may feel hesitation to articulate your vision.
Those limited to the determinate world of illusory appearance
Do not easily hearken to the news of their divine nature.

* * * *

Whether they be relatives, friends, acquaintances, or enemies:
Grasp as best ye may whatever lessons the departed may have offered,
Then release them in peace to whatever the indivisible, the unknown, has in store.

* * * *

Peel away all appearances, and what is left?
The mind, the body, the senses, are not you.

* * * *

The many trappings of the conceptual personality
Are false and must be discerned as such
If liberation is ever to be realized.

* * * *

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
But at least you are not a hypocrite more often than necessity requires.

* * * *

You may cloak it, ignore it, deny it,
But you cannot escape the indivisible within.
Eventually, it summons all home.

* * * *

More irony and paradox for those who are weary.

* * * *

To what can the bona fide Self possibly be bound?

* * * *

Doubt everything until you discern within that truth to which doubt can find no hold.

* * * *

So challenging to be detached from manifestation.
All the concepts and activities, the desire for sensory gratification,
The ceaseless craving of the loins, the ever-enticing draw of power, status, wealth.
Practice, it is a lifetime of practice, from the first breath to the last.

Chapter Eleven

It is neither action or deed, but unspoken intention,
Which must surely win the accolades of any heaven.

* * * *

Coincidences, are they really?

* * * *

You are not obligated to want anything.

* * * *

Your real wealth is beyond counting.

* * * *

Use all trials as levers and fulcrums to the wispy realms of wisdom.

* * * *

You will be ruby-slipper home when desire and fear have no ground to toil.

* * * *

The church is within; no edifice is required.

* * * *

First knowledge, then understanding, finally, direct perception.

* * * *

I Am is the Way.
It is within and without where within and without no longer exist.
It is you in the most timeless, absolute sense.

* * * *

Always check out the fine print, or be ready to run and hide when payment comes due.

* * * *

Do not lose your humor; nothing worse than a dour jester.

* * * *

Put all prophets and sages in their place, as teachers, not messiahs.

* * * *

A drop that has lost its sense of ocean
Suffers the agony of isolating separation.

* * * *

Sometimes it takes more courage to live than it does to die.

* * * *

Honor and respect your family, if possible,
But allow them no reign over your calling.

* * * *

Like a poker hand when the bluff has been overplayed,
It is time to call the deception of ignorance and absurdity.

* * * *

Take the long view sometimes, and the short view in others.
Blended together, it makes for theater and the gorp it offers.

* * * *

Everyone you meet and observe, everything you read and study,
Every manifest form you interact with in any given manner,
Is a reflection for you to inquire into your true nature.

* * * *

Those who quest that which is true will discern it written about in many teachings.
But to actually be the awareness is to look prior to mere belief and faith.
Union with that which is absolute, that which is eternally real,
Is far more than hollow superstition and idolatry.

* * * *

If your spiritual quest yearns only for distracting
Magic tricks, carnival Ferris wheels, and circus light shows,
You are not quite ready to embrace the unknown.

* * * *

Rational, linear persuasion is of no real use,
Because nothing can ever be proved.
An intuitive logic is required.

* * * *

It may seem arrogant, even blasphemous
To identify with godness more than humanness,
But that is the nature of this sojourn's rootless narrative.

* * * *

To have superlative knowledge of this mystery,
To have read many books, to have attended many lectures,
Does not mean the truth implied has even come close to being realized.

* * * *

The passionate mind is the birth and rebirth,
The cause and effect, of the ceaseless suffering of duality.
There is tranquil agreeableness in the dispassion of timeless awareness.

* * * *

It is real as long as you believe it real.

* * * *

Why would it ever appeal to anyone
To be pigeonholed in their inner quest?
Why be classified for the yearning to ascertain
That birthright prior to any sound given conception?
You are, and that is really all there is to say.

* * * *

Any given mythos may try to explain the journey,
But none can convey any to where all paths end.

* * * *

Everything seen, everything heard, everything tasted, everything felt, everything smelt,
Everything prior, everything beyond what any mind can measure,
Everything thought, everything not thought,
All that is, all is not,
It is all you.

* * * *

Try to see others as you would your Self.
Have compassion for the many trials all must face.
None are really different than your own.

* * * *

At some point in some given hereness-nowness,
Some minds undergo a crisis, a watershed, of consciousness,
And begin a long and winding and solitary divergence toward eternal reunion.

* * * *

The perceptions and reflections of reality are not reality.

* * * *

For the rare few, the mind is a seed that sprouts and grows,
Flowering into timeless realization, eternal liberation,
Conscious awareness of the original nature.

* * * *

As long as you believe your little self-absorbed identity real and true,
Maya will be only too happy to inflict, to collect, the levy of suffering.

* * * *

Any given mind-body experiencing offers its own means to the eternal.
It will be realized by earnest seekers in every time, in every space, imaginable.
There is really only one Way, but there are any number of pathless paths to discern it.

* * * *

Peel away the masks of god to find your own faceless nature.

* * * *

Though it may often not appear so, though it may not often seem so,
And others may use your confusion to their own ends if you permit it,
You are the captain, you are the navigator, of your little portion of soul.

* * * *

The seeds of creation and destruction are within each other.

* * * *

The countless abuses of affluence have ever been set before you.
Those whose greed controls their destiny have neither heart nor mind for eternity.
Their absorption with gold and other shiny things blinds them to reality.

* * * *

To identify with any movement of thought is delusion.
Only in awareness is there any relationship with reality.

* * * *

You journey from fad to fad, believing you live meaningfully.
What folly to think pleasure after pleasure will redeem your longing mind.
The endless hunger for more is utterly empty and insignificant.

* * * *

The senses read only an illusionary sliver
Of the total functioning of that which is quantum.
They cannot even begin to touch its unmanifest reality.

* * * *

Many may believe they know god through one dogmatic assertion or another,
But what can any ever truly know of that which is prior to all,
If they have not discerned it within.

* * * *

All that can ever be perceived is but a kaleidoscoping light show.
The quantum reality prior to all manifested is for intuition's telling.

* * * *

You must cultivate and harvest your Self your Self.

* * * *

Delving into the nature of this ethereal dreamtime
Is like wandering about the backstage of a theater set,
Examining all the ropes and pulleys and such for your Self.

* * * *

Surely this world is more than just a sandbox for children to give in to unbridled craving.

* * * *

In darkness, a light turns on, space takes shape, time begins.
Turn the light off, and all manifestation disappears.
When was it there? When was it not?

* * * *

Why bring innocent children into this strife-filled, often absurd world
If you do not intend, or cannot give them, an empowering foundation?

* * * *

Whether the emphasis is on one teacher or teaching,
Or a wander through a wide array of teachers and teachings,
All are in reality nothing more than masks of the same quantum matrix.

* * * *

Why participate in any organized religion?
Your awareness is a portal as absolute as any,
And you may well articulate things far more sanely.

* * * *

How unsteady the helm when the captain is confounded by a sea of ignorance.

* * * *

If time was real, it could be traveled by more than imagination.
You could observe your birth, your death, and any moment between.
And perhaps even broadcast it live on some online feed, as well.

* * * *

Why so few settle for less than the most distilled essence
Is a question without answer, an answer without question.

* * * *

Wailing for the dead and dying only displays ignorance
Of the immortal reality of this intangible light show.

* * * *

So-called spiritual experiences are not required to discern and own the presence.
Clarity of mind in the awareness of each and every moment is more than enough.

* * * *

Why say good-bye when there was really never a need for hello?

* * * *

Time and space are in the realm of dualistic notion.
What you travel through is an indivisible dream.

* * * *

We all play the game of mortality for as long as the dream allows.

* * * *

Even quantum manifest can get a ticket, so pay the meter.

* * * *

There is insight to be discerned, yet in so few does the fullness of awareness bloom.

* * * *

You are That I Am.
The ultimate job description,
However you are drawn to play it out.

* * * *

Do not most of us occasionally wonder
What we might have done differently with our given existence?
But, in this quantum theater, would another route
Really have been all that different?

* * * *

Do you truly believe your puny little personality,
Your meaningless sense of identity,
All your silly beliefs,
Are what will be someday reborn?

* * * *

How convenient it is for the superstitious mind
To praise some god or rue some devil
For all things daily causeless.

* * * *

Never forget That which can never be remembered in any given now.

Chapter Twelve

To judge someone by their past
Is to miss what they may have learned,
Or have yet to learn from it.

* * * *

The good news is that: yes, you can be free.
The drag is that it is up to you to figure it out.

* * * *

You may wish to survive a real threat, but need not cater to imaginary ones.

* * * *

The use of technology without wisdom
Is akin to a room full of children
Playing with loaded guns.

* * * *

How can god be dead If it was never born?

* * * *

Look in that mirror: What is your vanity?

* * * *

We are all cousins of the same origin.

* * * *

Every label you attach to,
Every perception you identify with,
Is but another link in the chain,
Another bar of the prison.

* * * *

Own your given virtue, your given quality.
Put behind you all guilt, all hesitation, all remorse.
Rest content in the serene indivisibility.
You are eternally absolved.

* * * *

The god state is a persevering realization
And you will absorb the conviction
Sooner than you may think.
After all, there is eternity to play.

* * * *

No matter what you do, no matter what you think,
You will never become anything more, anything less,
Than what you already are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

At some point you must put down the books; you will not find it in them.

* * * *

You are a human being by design only,
And from the eternal perspective,
Fads change very quickly.

* * * *

Your existence is the proof.

* * * *

In as many moments as you are able, contemplate that none of this is really happening.

* * * *

Playing the spiritual hierarchy game only puts off your reunion

* * * *

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to manifest consciously.

* * * *

The intellect is like a seed that must transcend its limitations to blossom into liberation.

* * * *

What dulling, insipid upbringing was it that convinced you that you are real?
How naive, how gullible, how credulous, how foolish, were you this round?

* * * *

Your fear of the unknown is unwarranted.
You are it, have ever been it, will ever be it.

* * * *

There is nothing not filled of the quantum essence,
It is only the dearth of awareness of its real and true nature
That creates the confusion we all too clearly witness.

* * * *

How adroit and articulate and persuasive the antichrists
When they collect your earnest tithing for their idolatry.

* * * *

How often do you wonder how you will die?
The more dark your imagination, the better.

* * * *

That transient puking up his guts is you on the same street in another dream.
What thoughts passed when you witnessed him carrying his splintery cross?

* * * *

If you have a larger vision, if wisdom calls you, it is not hard to discern.
It dwells in every crook, in every cranny, of this magical dreamtime.

* * * *

You can never go back, you can never return, to what you once were.
You have seen too much, and can only carry on wherever the fates lead.

* * * *

Admission to eternity will cost you everything you hold dear, chiefly your mind.

* * * *

You must choose to be free; no one else can do it for you.

* * * *

Most would not know a Christ if s/he swore it on a stack of bibles.

* * * *

You are free not to be afraid of life or death, or any other notion.

* * * *

Be cautious that those you listen so intently to
Are speaking of the ultimate state that frees you.
Settle for anything less, you sell your potential short.

* * * *

Your life is the result of your mind-body
And the circumstances of your individual dream.
Can you take all that experience and fearlessly extrapolate
Until your light shines equally on all manifestation?

* * * *

The way you choose to live may well be the way you are choosing to die.

* * * *

The arrogance of those in any given organized religion
Is an endless carnival from which to watch and learn.

* * * *

If your happiness is dependent on form or happenstance,
Then you have not fully owned your quantum birthright.

* * * *

In the chess game with god, eventually you discern you are playing your Self.

* * * *

To see only your own suffering is to miss a major lesson of existence.

* * * *

Your reality is prior to imagination.

* * * *

Hear and believe your true voice.
Trust you will know what to do any given moment,
That there are no real mistakes, that there is nothing to regret or fear.

* * * *

The needs of the body are one thing,
The cravings of the impassioned mind another.
Psychological suffering is the result of turmoil born of desire.

* * * *

Those using insight into the patterning for self-serving purpose do no one any favors.

* * * *

You are free to be unburdened by all the suffering.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that you were born evil.
It is nothing more than an idea inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness you are most definitely did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic whimsy.

* * * *

Though any can realize they are a cosmic dancer
If they have the discerning pluck and determined tenacity,
The inexplicable does not blossom in unfertile, unprepared ground.
There may be little more one can do than wish them bon voyage and move on.

* * * *

The Jesus who really was, was a realized mortal,
Ultimately no different than you, who placed himself in the line of fire
To make a declaration about the original nature of all.
When will you see and own the lesson?

* * * *

This poor wee garden and all its critters would be more than a little better off
If humans were all far less responsible in the so-called civilized world,
And a great deal more so in the higher-wiser-all-is-one sense.

* * * *

When you own the original nature, the sins of the universe are erased.
How can notions born of imagination ever be considered real and true?

* * * *

You see the muddle human synergy has made of it.
Nothing can change, nothing will change, if you do not.

* * * *

Cease praying for personal gain.
Your humility and virtue shine far brighter
Than any worldly pile of false gold.

* * * *

Remind yourself in every moment possible that what you see is not all there is to see.

* * * *

The part is never apart from the whole.

* * * *

Few grasp reality because most cannot apperceive what they cannot see.

* * * *

Break through the sidelessness where relativity of duality is unknown.

* * * *

We are all drawn to the scale we can fathom; absoluteness is a rare calling.

* * * *

Peace is as near as your willingness to fully embrace the detachment required.

* * * *

In so little time, in so little space, we have certainly screwed things up
Well beyond anything our ancestors likely could have ever imagined.

* * * *

Sexuality is like any hunger,
You feed it, and it disappears.
You deny it, and it devours you.

* * * *

A conspiracy of one

Chapter Thirteen

The still point now, ever fresh,
Is the boundless spring of the eternal,
The dawn of creation and dusk of destruction.
It is where pleasure and pain, cause and effect are not.
It is where the timelessness of awareness streams conscious.

* * * *

Some of the many things
That bring the greatest contentment:
Healthy food and drink, breathing in, breathing out,
A cleansing shower, real friends, real loves,
A nap on the grass, an aimless stroll.

* * * *

Living aimlessly finds the mark.

* * * *

Evolution is god's way of kneading consciousness.

* * * *

Enculturated life is like white bread, yeasted fluff without much substance.

* * * *

In the war of destruction that we have ceaselessly waged upon her,
Mother Nature has never, nor will ever, take prisoners.
You either work with her, or against her,
There is no middle ground.

* * * *

There is likely nobody as fascinated with you as you are.

* * * *

Intelligence cannot be legislated.

* * * *

There is nothing sacred in the quest for that which is sacred.

* * * *

Think about all the many steps, all the many decisions,
It has taken you to reach this point in time.
How impossible, how overwhelming, it would have been
To have anticipated the long and winding journey when you first began.

* * * *

Many fail to realize the leap to liberation
Because the many voices, the many mirrors of mythos,
Whisper surrender too great a gamble.

* * * *

Witness, dweller, awareness, soul, atman, brahman, god,
Are but inept concepts describing the youness you truly are.

* * * *

The most consecrated moments are when all sense of separation dissolves.
Sweeping away false divisions, false notions, is what your existence is about.

* * * *

We are all the lambs of godness
Moving towards the slaughterhouse
In chutes of our own choiceless choices.

* * * *

There is little point in attempting things
For which you have no physical or mental capacity,
Or seeking experiences which jeopardize your health and well-being.
Manifestation is limitation no matter how yogic the stretch,
And all attempts to prove yourself are but vanity.

* * * *

You seek and learn from a vast array of mirrors.
They are all reflections cast by the light of beingness.
Resistance ends when none are tainted by dualistic notion.

* * * *

Judgment is an act of separation.
Discern the indivisible awarenesss,
And the weighing will dissolve eternal.

* * * *

How complicated we make existence with all our imagined divisions.
So many spend their existence generating unnecessary rancor,
All because, in ignorance, they believe their thoughts real.

* * * *

For consciousness to be anywhere but here now
Is a long and winding path laced with suffering.

* * * *

If time and space were real, you could stop and linger for awhile.
But, alas, even the stillest stones are churning in the quantum sea.

* * * *

How can anyone exist not giving their whole being to totally reunifying with totality?

* * * *

Why spend so much time dredging the imaginary past,
Especially when it often causes such mindless havoc.

* * * *

The mind-body any given human manifests
Plays a huge part in the reflections it will experience.
Seeing the reality beyond all mirrors is an insight few meander.

* * * *

Every deed and thought creates a ripple in consciousness.
Find that stillpoint, that quality of awareness, that momentary witness,
Where the ever-churning cause and effect crafted of time and space are no more.

* * * *

Why do children cry at birth?
Perhaps because the first taste of separation is so unutterably terrifying.

* * * *

The ignorance of delusion passes from generation to generation.
Wisdom must ever be discerned and distilled by each anew.

* * * *

So many thought images flowing in your mind.
Are you aware of the waves as they rise and fall?
Can you look closely enough to penetrate the depths
Of your ocean to discern the reckoning of their source?
That is where you will discover and own the ultimate nature.

* * * *

The symbol is not the thing, and ultimately the thing is not the thing either.

* * * *

The rational mind must erupt in crisis to blossom into the no-mind.

* * * *

Water and oil mix just fine from the indivisible view.

* * * *

There probably is not one religion that does not claim to be divinely unique.
True, perhaps, in a limited manifest sense, but from the unmanifest view, not.

* * * *

You must travel lightly to keep up with the moment.

* * * *

The mind functions in time.
Timelessness is the death of identity,
Which resists as desperately as a fish out of water,
With every ounce of its dualistic nature.

* * * *

Do we individually choose to manifest
Is beyond knowing and less than a concern.
The point in fact is that you are dreaming here now,
And may choose to make the best of the opportunity or not.

* * * *

When the present is approached timelessly, there is a dreamlike flowing
That makes even the most chaotic and mundane times equally inadvertent.

* * * *

Every mask has many capacities and limitations.
To reside in vanity is a yellow brick road,
Paved with sentient suffering.

* * * *

Declare to your Self, “I am the Way.”
Now, discover what that vision entails.

* * * *

Awareness knows no boundaries and harbors no delusions.

* * * *

Sex and the countless other pleasures of the senses
Take a back seat when contrasted to this reunion within.
What earthly pleasure can possibly match eternal salvation?

* * * *

All your emphasis on light and the many shadows it casts,
Is just more play, more distraction, of the illusional mind.
You are the indivisibly absolute prior to all light shows.

* * * *

If all you see a world of sin, it is your own confusion creating the confusion.

* * * *

You think you know so much, and that is your blindness.

* * * *

You cannot surrender to a concept, a notion.
Surrendering is prior to all thought about it.

* * * *

Now, now, now, now, forever now.
Time and space is naught but an illusion,
A priori in a most delusional sense.

* * * *

Spread good intention whenever possible.

* * * *

The senses are merely specialized nerve endings
Evolved though eternity's quantum orchestration.

* * * *

The eternity of time traverses all creation.

* * * *

Hard to want to keep pretending that you are one of the inmates, too.

* * * *

Integrity, one of the ideals to which too few succumb.

* * * *

With detachment comes serenity and compassion.

* * * *

See the light,
Hear the light,
Touch the light,
Taste the light,
Feel the light.
Be the light.

* * * *

The eternal ether courses through the veins of the river of creation,

* * * *

Life is food for thought, a feast born of imagination.

* * * *

Every bubble of awareness, whether instinctual or conscious, its own unique vision.

* * * *

Within every moment's creation-preservation-destruction, an imaginary glimmer.

* * * *

Awareness of the awareness is potential in all.

Chapter Fourteen

The beasts seem so content in the ever-streaming moment.
How did you mislay that timeless awareness, that childlike quality?
What was it that enticed you from the garden, beguiled you from the source,
But the intractable, remorseless weaving of desire and fear,
And other passions inspired by the vanities.

* * * *

Those who assert god (a.k.a., quantum) is in all things,
That its unfolding nature is even witness in you,
Are not just saying what you want to hear.

* * * *

A gust of wind is as real as any quest for glory.

* * * *

If your body is tangible, if it is real, why does it change so?

* * * *

What anyone else thinks of you matters only if fear gives it weight.

* * * *

All desire, all angst, is fabricated by the attachment to the mind-body identity.
Without the manifest form you would not exist, you would not be,
And there would be nothing to want, nothing to fear.

* * * *

The moment-to-moment experiencing of consciousness
Is akin to using a light bulb to cast hand shadows on a wall.

* * * *

A teacher is always willing to teach students willing to learn.

* * * *

Any idea is as real as the mind creating it.

* * * *

How harsh to be judged solely by exteriors.

* * * *

Are you anything more than a careening set of measurements?

* * * *

Just being takes practice.

* * * *

Revolutionaries, despite all rhetoric
Of fairness, of justice, of equality, for all,
Usually yearn for more than a fistful of dollars.

* * * *

All are beginners, no matter how singular.

* * * *

There are no experts in this field, just knowers of the knowing.

* * * *

What another thinks of you need not be your concern.

* * * *

It is your story; there is no author-ity but you.

* * * *

You have yet to meet someone or something
That is not a mirror of your own awareness.

* * * *

End all concern of becoming something or someone.
What you really are is before everything and nothing.

* * * *

The world, the universe, is dreamt by the mind through the senses.
You are source, you are witness, as free and clear as you choose.

* * * *

What is that physical form to which you are so attached
But flesh, blood, and bones wandering about in a body bag.

* * * *

The world exists because you are witness.
Without your presence, none of this would be.

* * * *

Observe the face and body of someone you consider physically desirable
And imagine his/her skeleton tuning into dust in some not to distant future.

* * * *

What are you afraid of losing?
Your identity, your body, your things?
Get real.

* * * *

The quest for permanency constantly erodes before your eyes.

* * * *

There are an infinite number of ways
To experience living and dying.
The ultimate you experiences them all.
The trick is fearlessly embracing their teaching.

* * * *

The stillness of awareness you are
Has always been and will ever be the same.
The only meaningful difference there can possibly be
Is awakening to the awareness of the awareness.

* * * *

Your time-bound desire for consistency and permanence
Is born of ignorance and confusion framed in duality.

* * * *

When the font of true Self fills the emptied container,
You own everything ever contemplated on the matter.

* * * *

The so-called civilized manner humanity has chosen to manifest,
Is a coffin crafted of blind ignorance and unbounded delusion.

* * * *

The mind seeks ordered consistency,
But the manifest reality of true nature
Is ever the order of spontaneous chaos.
Awareness suffers no divisive boundaries.

* * * *

How mesmerizing this mystery.
Maya casts a spell of blinding ignorance
Using the guiding reigns of the mind-body identity,
And the multitudes compliantly follow the tantalizing carrots
With little question of the underlying, ultimate reality.

* * * *

Ants, bees, and all the other wandering beasts are true sanyasis.
Their instinctual aimlessness is the high mystery in manifest form.

* * * *

Seeing that your universe is entirely your creation,
That you were misinformed about your part in the dance,
Turns everything out of kilter in a timelessly kiltered sort of way.

* * * *

How do you spend your life? You put food and liquid in, poop and piss it out.
You make and buy and take and sell and toss and lose and give things.
You put the body through a seemingly infinite variety of paces,
And then slumber or medicate yourself to rejuvenate.
Your form deals with a nearly endless series of states and stages,
And in the end it will be as any dream, as if nothing at all had ever happened.

* * * *

Conditions set by any given mythos need not be more than endured.

* * * *

Do whatever it is you need to do, want to do, with your brief, mundane existence.
Experience anything, everything that entices you hither-thither.
Sense every sense until it makes sense.

* * * *

Even the greatest portion is but a slice of the whole.
The tiniest morsel is ever of the same quantum recipe.

* * * *

All identity is but a habit, a patterning of human conditioning.
The broom of discerning awareness sweeps it immaculate.

* * * *

The throws of attachment are the most opportune time
To witness how thoroughly you believe your part real.

* * * *

These insights cannot be taught.
Those who are hungry will seek it out
Through whatever venue is made available.
Wisdom is the distillation of experience.

* * * *

The nuances of science are ever in the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

It may be disturbing to realize that you do not really exist,
But the fact remains that your ultimate destiny is oblivion.

* * * *

What was before the so-called big bang, and what will be after?
How many creations have come and gone? And how many will be hence?
Anything and everything is possible in the realm of absoluteness.

* * * *

No mathematical equation will ever grasp or explain the mystery of it all.
They, like words, or any other symbol, are by their nature ever incomplete.

* * * *

What does any eye see but what it creates?
The world is a mirage of the mind's making.

* * * *

Is any mythology any more than the groupthink of ethnocentric notion?

* * * *

Exactly which direction do time and space travel?

* * * *

What is so upsetting, so terrible, so incomprehensible,
As to deny others the altered states of consciousness
That are so readily offered by this garden paradise.
Who is anyone to tell another how to live their reality?

* * * *

Surely, you do not really believe you are the only one who does that?

* * * *

Do you really think the voice within?

* * * *

Challenge the fear: Discern that which requires the greatest courage.

* * * *

That mind sure can wander the hither and thither.

* * * *

Truth, reality, is in the random wander of any given day’s moment-to-moment.

Chapter Fifteen

You are the same mystery of which earthquakes, hurricanes, lightning,
Volcanoes, supernovas, quasars, black holes and big bangs are made.

* * * *

Why is it that humankind seems incapable of greater awareness?
Will the seed of the fall from Eden's grace ever blossom into consciousness?
Certainly questions well beyond the scope of this temporal window,
Though the seed to that potential is ever the same now.

* * * *

Vanity blinds you to your true essence.

* * * *

There is always a choice, unless there is not.

* * * *

Wrest your soul from delusion.

* * * *

Seekers of truth are like moths to a flame, their destiny oblivion.

* * * *

Sweep out the fear of death, the fear of oblivion, the fear of no longer being.
There is nothing to dread, nothing to avoid, but what imagination concocts.

* * * *

You are the manifest way, absoluteness witnessing its Self.
You are the dreamtime experiencing, the totality functioning.

* * * *

Science as so many discern it is the ultimate expression of dualistic notion.

* * * *

And what headlines will there be tomorrow?

* * * *

How can you really believe any of your adversaries real?
All for such vain reasons you will find the fingers counting.

* * * *

All who have ever or will ever see this dream for what it is
Have been along different points of the same indivisibility.

* * * *

Be as fluid as water is to cloud is to rain is to ice, each has its time, ever the same.

* * * *

Why identify yourself at all? Why crimp the immeasurable?

* * * *

Others define you, as you do them, by the role they imagine.

* * * *

How many times have you been aware that what you were witnessing
Did not seem important or meaningful, but went along with anyway?

* * * *

Consciousness is an indivisible spectrum of imaginary degrees of separation.

* * * *

Desire and fear often meander unleashed
When there is a lack of full, relaxed breathing,
And a busy mind that cannot contain its Self.

* * * *

As this awareness consumes more of your wakeful state,
You will find your Self practicing mindfulness naturally.

* * * *

With these words your death as an imagined identity is sought.

* * * *

What is behind any mask, any façade, but what you yourself imagine?

* * * *

Mindfulness is anticipating the rippling impact
Of who and what and where and when and why and how you place your feet.
Walk as harmlessly or harmfully as the situation merits.

* * * *

Everything you think you know: every memory, every belief, every opinion,
Is a temporal fabrication, a dream whose reality can never ultimately be proven.

* * * *

Like and dislike, pain and pleasure, male and female, white and black, true and false,
All sides of the same coin created by dreamers locked in memes of dualistic notion.

* * * *

Toss out the buddhas and christs, and all the other idolatries you mimic
They impede your discerning, owning, what it was they were pointing out.

* * * *

Your mind-identity is a perceived record patterned by the relative etchings of time.
All dissolve into dreamy insignificance once you as witness are timelessly witnessed.

* * * *

After a certain point, it is almost wearingly, laughingly absurd
To have to continually deal with the inanities of the mind-body.

* * * *

You are whatever the weaving spins.

* * * *

King or pawn, both just pieces on a quantum board.

* * * *

The fountain of youth is the eternal spring within.

* * * *

Godness has no name, why do you?

* * * *

Sticks and stones break bones.
Words injure if you give them weight.
What hurts, however, is entirely imagined.

* * * *

The desire for endless amusement is a mindless yellow brick road of distraction.

* * * *

The first and last question is who are you?
Once answered, what need for more?

* * * *

Tarry as you will with the delusional when it amuses you,
Always remembering that all that reflected ignorance
Creates the opportunity to apprehend your own.

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of experience.

* * * *

Possessing or controlling another is in no way, no shape, no form, an exhibition of love.

* * * *

Everyone behaves the way they do for exactly the same reasons as you.

* * * *

The body generally forgets the pains of injuries once they have healed,
But the mind born of imagination ever clings to that which it fabricates.

* * * *

Why do you play the continuity game?
Perhaps because it is more beguiling to dream
Than to awaken to indivisibility's unrestrained rainbow.

* * * *

It all becomes so clearly obvious that you wonder that it took so long to see it.

* * * *

Be of good cheer at the demise of your identification with the body-mind.
You are at last eternally free of the many constraints of human concoction.

* * * *

To awaken to all the mind's ceaseless fabrications
To be deluded no longer by the imaginings of desire and fear,
The irony of how seriously you have taken yourself becomes Self-apparent.

* * * *

Realize you are the central focus of your worldly dreamtime creation.
Open up to the fact that every other life form on this planet
Witnesses this mystery exactly the same way.
Respect the sovereignty inherent in all.

* * * *

Again and again, moderation and balance are important keys to clear, sane living.
If you insist on excessiveness, error in favor of the awareness, the unknowable within.

* * * *

Regarding inner exploration with the aid of drugs,
Just be aware that once any jaunt begins,
There is no getting off until it ends.

* * * *

There is no need to follow any personality, or join any group.
Freedom is for each alone to realize and preserve.
Those who would deprive your birthright
Are better left in the streaming dreamtime wake.
To give undo significance to any in denial of your autonomy
Is to deprive your Self the unique opportunity of this mystery-given lifetime.

* * * *

Those rare beings who discover the false separation of the universe within,
Free themselves of all binds in the realm of conscious awareness.
Through their eternal freedom heaven opens to the manifest.

* * * *

To be eternally reborn, to never perish again, you must die to what never was.

* * * *

Idealism springs from a wellspring of intentions,
But is ever contained by the barriers of ignorance.

* * * *

Just because you can does not mean you must.

* * * *

Through contrasts, the whole is revealed.

* * * *

Life is an adventure to which security is a necessary impediment.

* * * *

Hard to win a bet against ignorance.

* * * *

Is there any demon that does not, in some deep, hidden recess,
Have even a spot, a spark, of goodness, perchance compassion?

* * * *

To want nothing, to fear nothing,
To be open to all in heart and mind,
To be that love which is wholly selfless,
That is agape.

* * * *

Through thought and deed, the mystery is discerned.

* * * *

If you understand science and its methodology,
You know it has been proven beyond all doubt that all is one,
And that you are an equal part of that oneness,
Witness to its eternal mystery.

Chapter Sixteen

The lone drop catapulting above the indivisible crashing wave
Entertains the mistaken perception of individuality,
But only until its inevitable return home.

* * * *

Like any other beast with limbs, fins, or wings,
You are a sack of bones that appears to move around.
You have the potential to realize awareness of the indivisible,
But do you have the capacity for discernment, do you have the doubt?

* * * *

Pure eternal awareness is the common ground for all

* * * *

Who will give their life to own an immaculate birth?

* * * *

Even just one life, no matter the role played, is an eternal epic.

* * * *

The now that you perceive, the now to which you cling, is already ash.

* * * *

How foolish to be attached to anything that cannot last in anything more than time.

* * * *

You are as much nothing as everything.

* * * *

In the realm of the inadvertent consequences of its historical emanation,
Humankind is not leaving itself much scope for viable engagement.
In current jargon, it is coined “painting yourself into a corner.”

* * * *

Discern the face and mind you had before birth; it is without attributes.

* * * *

Now is ever the point of reckoning.

* * * *

Only madmen, fools, and children question why.

* * * *

What you seek in relationship outwardly, you must first and foremost discern within.

* * * *

Life and death amble serenely arm in arm.

* * * *

What goes up must come down.
Existence is a statistical mystery.

* * * *

Gaia has always been in absolute and perfect balance.
Disharmony is but consciousness as humanity manifests it.

* * * *

Neither telescopes nor microscopes, nor any other technology,
Will aid your comprehending what this quantum mystery truly is.

* * * *

It is not the leaves that move,
Nor is it the breeze that moves them.
It is the stirring mind that creates everything.

* * * *

What is manifest existence as most live it but a dulling preservation
Of a bag of bones, its relationships, its possessions, and its thoughts.

* * * *

The mind-body identity ever seeks fulfillment.
It is the intertwining of insatiable desires and trammeling fears.
The quietude of awareness is the oblivion of origin,
Well prior to all mortal trepidations.

* * * *

You are governed by continuity
Because you give it the weight of reality.
Space-time plays out its illusion in every given mind.

* * * *

Travel prior to all experience, all cause and effect, until only the ungraspable,
Untamable, immutable dreamtime experiencing of timeless nowness remains.

* * * *

Cause and effect are time-bound concepts of continuity
Born of the mind's subjective collusion with the senses.

* * * *

All desires for form and concept are the projection of memory,
Which has no relationship with the present moment
Other than passing blindly through it.

* * * *

To spend your existence counting a mound of gold
Is to miss the immeasurable wealth you truly are.

* * * *

About the technical matters of the manifest, you may pretend to know a great deal,
But regarding the source of this mystery, you will never extract a measurable clue.

* * * *

The illusion of existence is like a game played long and hard,
But sooner or later the final buzzer sounds,
And it is time to go home.

* * * *

The sun makes the light show possible,
But the source of its power is ever you.

* * * *

The more you have, the more you must straighten, dust, maintain and protect.
How many endless distractions from the one and only reality do you require?

* * * *

Yearning for an order, a stability, that the dream can never provide,
The mortal mind-body identity inevitably loses equanimity
When circumstances fall short of expectations.

* * * *

Love thy Self.

* * * *

All your stresses are related to your desire
And the knowing dread that they can never be fulfilled,
That their temporary and egocentric nature will ever be incomplete.

* * * *

Trying to hold on to now is like a drowning swimmer
Grasping for a life preserver moving ever out of reach.

* * * *

What you are attached to is not outward manifestation,
But the habitual movement of the ceaseless thoughts about it,
Personality is the outcome of this patterned consumption.

* * * *

Empires and mountains and galaxies come and go.
The quantum isness indivisibly pervades them all.

* * * *

Do you not grow weary of all the scams instigated in the name of god?
Look into the depths of the aloneness within for that which is truly true.

* * * *

Do not confuse aloneness with loneliness; the latter is time-bound, the former eternal.

* * * *

That lifeless moth on the windowsill
Is your manifest body's most certain conclusion.
Its vessel was as fleeting as your own.

* * * *

Mother Gaia, like your Self, is an smidgeon of indivisibility,
That must one day cease being the playground of dreamtime.

* * * *

All manifest diversity is imagined.
It is but a light show, a sensory illusion,
Masking the indivisible, unassailable unicity.

* * * *

Clayness manifest reflects godness for you,
You reflect yourself for the unmanifest godness.
The sculptor and the sculpted are one in the same.

* * * *

It is easy to maintain a sense of union with isness
When life is pleasant and unburdened and easily traversed.
But when times are challenging, for whatever reason,
That is the genuine telling of your illusory epic.

* * * *

What you think of yourself or another,
What others think of themselves or you,
None of it means anything past the vanity,
And your death to time ends all concern.

* * * *

Subject and object are fashioned by the temporal manifestation.
Neither plays itself out without the other in this dualistic weaving.

* * * *

Become the totality you are.
All thoughts about it, all delusions about it,
Are nothing more than a diverting dance with the vanities.

* * * *

The only way any deity will intervene in this manifest play is through you.

* * * *

Each and every moment in any ever-changing stage setting
Is cloaked in the mystery you are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

To discover and unify with isness
You must long for it with your entire being.
Though the mind is the medium that gets you there
The inseparable has nothing to do with any thoughts about it.

* * * *

Existence, when seen though the personal eye, is a complex, unending maze.
Through the impersonal gaze, it is a masterfully choreographed, illusory dance.

* * * *

Dive beneath the choppy waves of the mind's reefs
Into the silent, serene depths of eternal beingness.

* * * *

You are an eternal mixture of clay and gold, both mundane and extraordinary.

* * * *

Until the day the body returns to dust,
You will face a vast array of temptations
Ceaselessly concocted by a restless mind.

* * * *

There is nothing you must prove, nothing you must become.
It has all been a laughable hoax played out by the mind seeking security,
When none was at all possible, or really ever even necessary.

* * * *

Never been much for people telling you how to live, have you?

* * * *

Samadhi is a mind on empty.

* * * *

We are all food in something’s dream.

* * * *

True meditation is the ending of time, the stillness before time,
Complete and utter surrender, within and without,
To the ever-presentness of Self.

* * * *

It is the indivisible awareness,
The quantum nothingness of eternity,
That is the essence of all things.

* * * *

There is not a moment that goes by that you are not making up your mind.

* * * *

You are guiltless, innocent of all charges.

* * * *

You are ultimately your own teacher, teaching your Self.

* * * *

Quantum is the scientific name for God.

* * * *

Spin the tale on the mystery.

* * * *

Why pretend what you do not feel?

* * * *

So many teachers that you have long since lost count.

* * * *

In beginnings, there is creation, in endings, destruction.
And between, whatever can be preserved for its brief while.

* * * *

Why that which is immortal would choose to experience mortal fare
Is an inexplicable mystery all must fathom at the core of their beingness.

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!